

The World.

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COAL AT EXTORTIONATE PRICES.

As strike is over, but cheap coal is not even a remote probability. Thursday of this week will see most of the miners back at work. But not for a week to come will the normal output be reached, and not for weeks, perhaps months, to follow will the depleted stock in city coal-yards be replaced.

This means that coal will be hard to obtain in abundance and the dealers evidence a disposition to continue to make the most of the scarcity and to multiply profits out of the public distress by charging prohibitive prices. What they are to get at wholesale from the operators for \$4.85 a ton, delivered at the docks in New York, they expect to sell for \$15.

A profit of 200 per cent. wrung from a public necessity in time of need is extortion. It is a well-observed axiom of trade that where the demand is greater than the supply prices may be legitimately raised. But in the present stress to make coal artificially dear is literally to rob; and in the case of the poor it means deprivation of food necessary to their proper nourishment.

No monopolistic screwing up of prices has ever approached in extortion this project of the dealers to profit at the expense of the unfortunate.

Mascagni's Farewell.—Mascagni's farewell speech at the Metropolitan was simply: "I thank you, good-by." And there was an intermezzo in it at that.

A CAREFUL MAN.

A countryman making his first visit to the metropolis arrives with certain preconceived notions of life in a large city. Mr. Jacques, of Woodstock, Vt., a guest at the Stevens House, seems to have come to town with the settled conviction that the chief occupation of a stranger in New York should be to guard against assassination. So when a double knock on his door roused him from reverie he bolted for the window, unwound the coil of fire rope and slid down to the street and to safety. In explanation he said he "didn't mean to be murdered in his room, not by a long chalk."

Are we to laugh at his caution? Mr. Jacques, as a reader of newspapers, was familiar with the story of Walter Brooks, found dead in a West street hotel room with a bullet in his head; he knew that the young commission man's murderer has not been convicted. He had read also of a Long Island visitor whose head was chopped off in a Tenderloin resort with hotel attachment much frequented by strangers. He remembered the Kennedy case, a hotel-room crime. He recalled the Young murder. And on the very day he arrived in town he read flaring headlines about a double murder in a downtown law office.

So let us not think with too much levity of Mr. Jacques's rope-ladder exit. Tony Pastor used to sing of a careful man who is in the asylum now, but our careful visitor from Vermont has met with no such untoward fate. His head is on his shoulders and he is on the high seas bound for Texas.

A Chief of Police Against It.—It is now proposed to revive the old plan of having a chief rule the police. The name does not signify much provided the ruling hand is there.

WHERE WERE THE POLICE?

Some ten days or so ago a gang of young men from the east side crossed the Bowers and invaded the old Five Points neighborhood armed with sections of lead pipe and other weapons and proceeded to give battle to a rival gang who were awaiting their coming. The fight raged for half an hour unhindered by police interference. The Evening World took occasion then to ask where the police were and it would like to ask now where they were early Sunday morning while the row was in progress at Second avenue and Twenty-third street.

At that time two parties of home-returning dancers, forty in all, joined issue in a street fight within a block of the police station. The neighborhood resounded with the din of the fray, spectators came to the number of a hundred and before it was over two men had been stabbed and a score of the combatants injured. No police appeared on the scene and there was no interference.

It might be well for Capt. Piper to put this precinct station-house on the list of places to be visited in future nocturnal rambles.

SUNDAY BASEBALL.

In the New Jersey Court of Chancery Vice-Chancellor Pitney will be asked to-day to grant an injunction against the playing of baseball or football in Bergen Point on Sunday. The injunction will be asked for as a step in the progress of the crusade against Sunday sports instituted by a Bergen Point pastor several weeks ago and taken up by other Protestant clergymen and residents.

The Judge's action will be watched with interest. It is very nearly impossible to be wholly consistent in our public treatment of Sunday sports. We are none of us wholly consistent in our individual and personal attitude toward them; the man who bakes on the Sabbath frequently thinks his golf-playing neighbor ungodly and the Sunday tennis player Satan's own. Apparently with baseball the noise made is a most important element.

THE ROW ON THE LINKS.

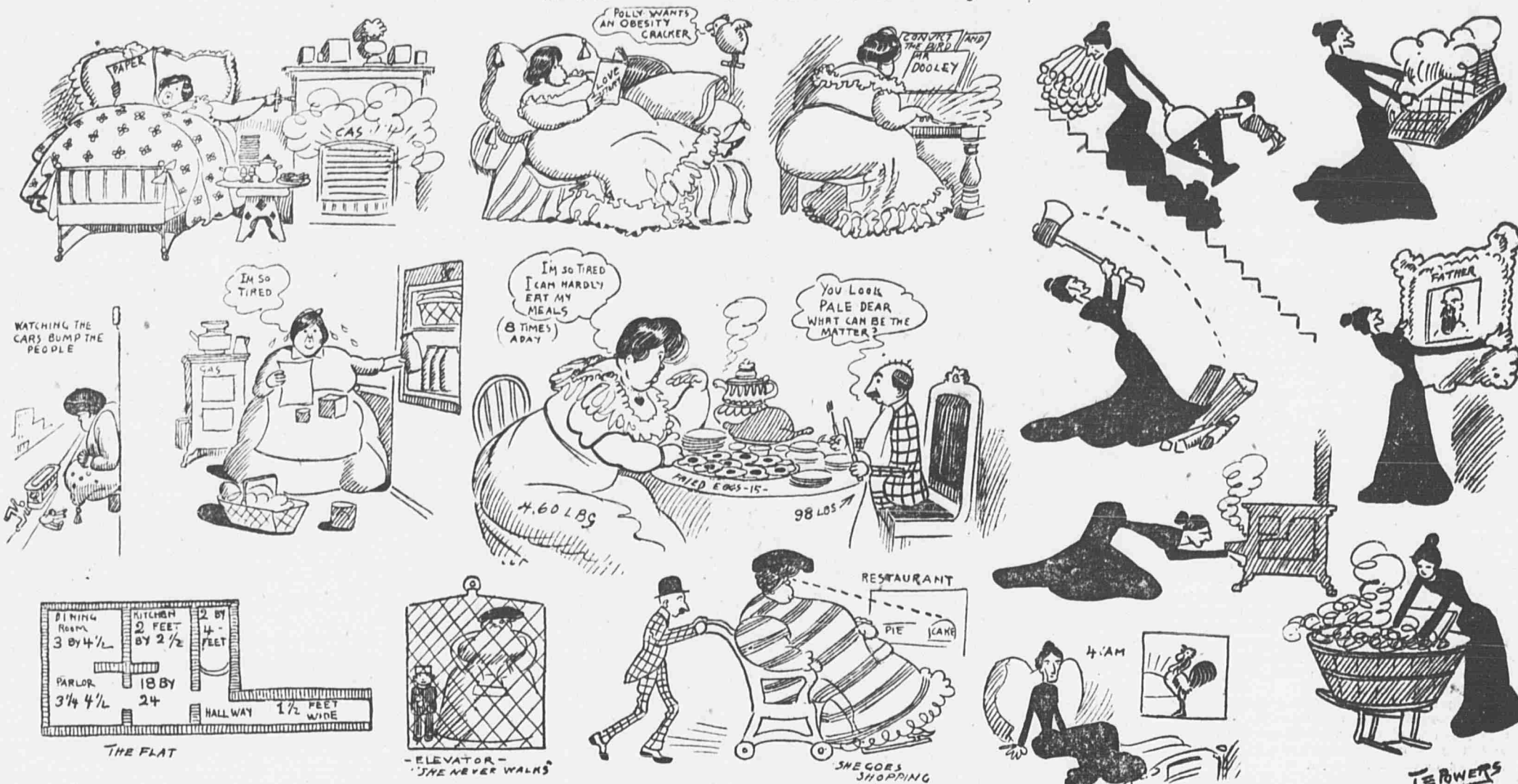
On the golf links at Montclair yesterday occurred an incident likely to be of momentous consequences to the game. A New York lawyer, disputing with another player as to the whereabouts of a lost ball, suddenly raised his golf club and brought it down on his opponent's head with such force as to fell him to the ground unconscious. The injured man was revived with difficulty. His skull is supposed to be fractured.

A strange scene for an assault. And the assault itself, the little rift within the lute, the cloud no bigger than a man's hand which portends dire results to the royal and ancient game, the gentleman's game par excellence. On the links it has been as at Agincourt or Fontenoy, or as on the field of honor, "Gentlemen of the guard, fire first." The golf club has nurtured a Bayard-like flower of chivalry, a Chesterfieldian courtesy in sport by comparison with which the etiquette of other games has seemed an inchoate striving toward the first principles of politeness.

A half hat has sometimes assumed the role of the Montclair golf club, but never before has mashie or midge been put to such base uses. Its debut yesterday in the row on the links is a disgrace to the game.

The Modern Flat Makes Wives Fat.

Artist Powers Shows How and Why.



The flat wife has no chance for exercise; no stairs to climb; no coal to tote up two or three flights; nothing to do or to worry about. Every convenience is provided; every comfort is at hand. Her existence is simply Sybaritic. All she has to do is to sit around and eat and put on flesh and wonder why every time she climbs on the groceryman's scales his platform sags and the wheels under it wobble. In the good old days of real hustling housekeeping when there were no dumbwaiters, no telephones, no elevators, nor any of that sort of thing, and a woman found the twenty-four hours too few to do all she had to do in a day, there was no time to accumulate fat or read obesity cures, and the housewife was considerably more svelte and sylph-like, besides being more healthy than she is to-day. The new and the old styles of wives are admirably pictured by Mr. Powers.

DOG FANCIERS.



Hogan—"An' is he a blooded dog, Mike?"
"Blooded? I sh'd say he wuz. W'y, when he wuz a pup th' doc had to bleed him to kape um from bein' a bloodhound, faith!"

NOT THE REAL THING.



Potter—"Why is Jack Hooking so unpopular?"
Miss Stymlie—"Why, you see, he used to be a racehorse owner and he mixes turf terms with his golf slang."

NOT EXACTLY.



Mr. Potter—I s'pose you give a great deal of thought and advice to your cases, don't you, doc?
Dr. Rider—No, I sell 'em.

SHE WAS ON.



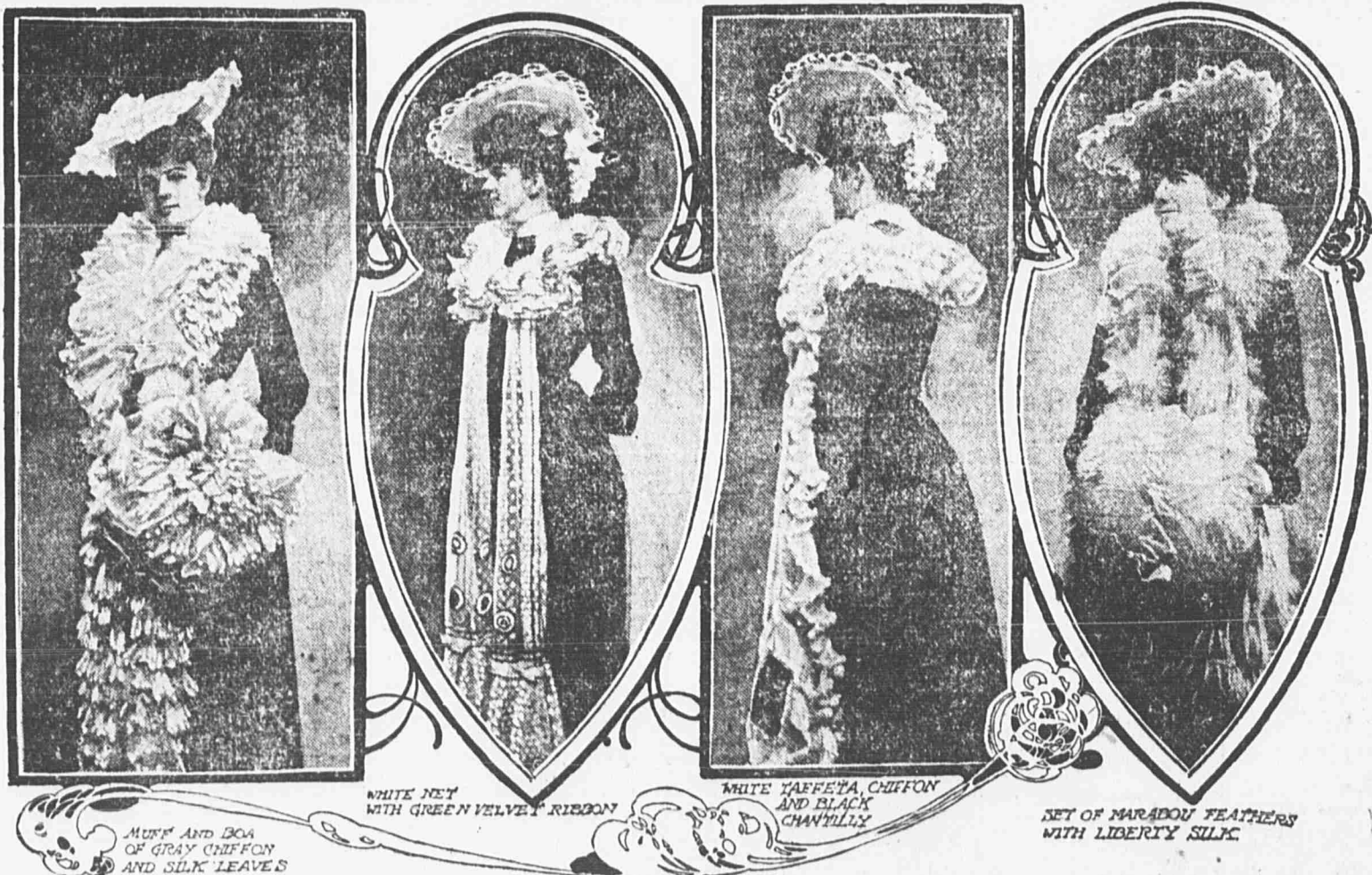
Snaky Sam—Yes, lady, that there is Echo rock. You just holler and the bluff'll answer right back.
Mrs. Easterne—Ah! Now I know the meaning of that Western phrase "calling a bluff."

MIGHT NOT WANT HIM.



His Honor—"Well, what are you waiting for? I said thirty days at hard labor."
Duffy the Dock—"Yessir, but I can't deceive yer honor, sir, I feel it me dooty ter say dat I didn't git no recommendation from me last place, sir."

The Silver Leaf Boa and Muff Are Something New.



The daintiest thing a woman wears nowadays is surely the long, fluffy boa of chiffon and rose petals with which she adorns her neck. Wonderful combinations of silk and feathers, of net and velvet, of chiffon and fur are the latest boas in which the woman of fashion will array herself this season. Broad at the shoulders, giving a cape or fichu effect, they have long stole-like ends reaching to the bottom of the gown. Many of the most beautiful boas have muffs to match.

A set of this kind, together with the other dainty boas pictured in this article, was photographed for The Evening World by courtesy of Saks & Company. It is an exquisite creation of marabou feathers, liberty silk and chiffon. The long stole ends are of accordion plaited white chiffon. The feathers are in black and white and give an indescribably sheer and dainty effect. The huge muffs are of the marabou feathers with plaitings of liberty silk. Another dainty boa and muff set is

of gray accordion plaited chiffon and crumpled gray silk leaves. The long wiggling ends of chiffon covered with leaves reach to the bottom of the gown. For evening wear a novel effect is produced by combining white taffeta, chiffon and inlet squares of black Chantilly. This boa has the lace inset in squares on the back and on the stole ends.

Fresh and dainty is a boa of white dotted net ornamented with narrow green velvet baby ribbon in a scroll design. A pink boa of silk and chiffon is trimmed with odd pieces of brown fur and has a muff of pink rose petals. Chrysanthemum boas in black and white and in a speckled gray effect, known as guinea fowl, are among the leading novelties.

BAKED BEANS INTOXICATE.

Among peasants of Southern Italy, Sicily and Sardinia a curious malady has been noticed by physicians, which is caused by eating beans. One of the most remarkable effects of the malady is a species of intoxication resembling that produced by alcoholic drink. In some cases persons predisposed to the malady are seized with the symptoms of intoxication if they pass a field where the bean plant is in flower, the

THE COSTLIEST BOOK.

Probably the most expensive book known is that which the Ameer of Afghanistan has presented to the Shah of Persia. It is a manuscript copy of the Koran, the binding of which is worth \$150,000. This binding is of solid gold, two and three-quarter inches thick; the carvings, which are the work of an Afghan goldsmith, are incrustated with precious stones—157 pearls, 122 rubies and 100 diamonds of the purest

POLAR MOTORS.

Besides aerography for maintaining unbroken communication with Europe, further details of M. Bernier's forthcoming Polar expedition show that he contemplates utilizing automobiles. M. Bernier, like Dr. Nansen, expects to find the Pole surrounded by an ice belt of about 145 miles in extent. For traversing this he is equipping himself with two five-horse-power motor cars of special construction, each capable of transporting several persons, with the neces-

EGGS AS CURRENCY.

In some parts of Peru—for example, in the province of Jauly—hens' eggs are circulated as small coins, forty to fifty being counted for a dollar. In the market-places and in the shops the Indians make most of their purchases with this brittle kind of money. One will give two or three eggs for brandy, another for indigo and a third for cigars. These eggs are packed in boxes and sent to Lima. From Jauly alone several thousand loads of eggs are annually for-

A POEM BY BISHOP SPALDING.

The Right Rev. John Lancaster Spalding, Bishop of the Pacific (D.C.) diocese, who has just been appointed by President Roosevelt as a member of the Anthracite Strike Commission, is the author of the following poem:

The Mellow, Hazy Days.
O glorious autumn woods, whose myriad hues
Uplight the face of earth with richer glow
Than may be seen when spring's sweet flowers blow,
And wear the jeweled crown of pearly dew!
How tender, pure the thoughts which you infuse
Into the soul, bringing the long ago,
With all its memories of joy and woe,
Until the vision the whole heart subdues!
So soon the mellow, hazy days shall die;
The frost shall crier your many-tinted leaves,
And howling blasts with all their glory fly,
And you shall stand like one whom death bereaves,
Outstretched trembling hands to the dark sky,
Which gives no sign however much he grieves.

THE MEERSCHAUM INDUSTRY.

The meerschaum can be mined by any person at Sari-sou, Espetdje, Ghizikil and Menlou, in Turkey, on payment of five piastres to the Administration of Mines—the cost of a permit. The mines of Sari-sou are situated at a distance of about seventeen miles to the east of Eskikhehr. The pit at Sari-sou was opened twenty years ago, but to-day there are 8,000 mines opened, of which, however, only 3,000 are worked, the remainder having been abandoned. Some 4,000 miners work these mines, and every Friday a market is held at which they dispose of the blocks of meerschaum they have extracted during the week. For the accommodation of the workmen some 1,000 huts have been erected. At Espetdje, about eighteen miles to the northeast of Eskikhehr, there are some 20,000 pits in a space of six miles, of which only 150 are worked, all the others being exhausted. It is said that these mines were opened 1,000 years ago, which is not incredible, as it is well known that magnesia was formerly used for many purposes other than the fabrication of pipes; moreover, Fuller's earth used to be worked on a vast scale by the ancients. The meerschaum mines are worked by some 500 miners, who live in the surrounding villages. At Ghizikil, in the neighborhood of Espetdje, there are 3,000 pits, of which only 100 are worked, giving employment to 400 miners. The only place where the Administration of Mines authorized meerschaum to be extracted is Menlou, and here there are only twenty pits actually worked by 100 workmen. The working of these meerschaum deposits called the Eskikhehr, mines which formerly were actively worked, is reduced to 1,770 pits, giving employment to 5,000 miners, the greater portion of whom are Kurds and Persians.

JAPANESE STREETS.

In Japan houses are not numbered according to their sequence, but according to the order of their erection, says the Pittsburgh Gazette. That is to say, No. 73 may adjoin No. 1, with No. 103 on the opposite side. No. 2 is probably a mile down the street. The city of Tokio is made up of 1,250 streets, in which are 318,350 houses. These houses are divided up into fifteen wards. If a street passes through more than one ward the houses are numbered according to the wards in which they are; that is, a street passing through six wards will possess six number ones. It would be like hunting for a needle in a haystack for a stranger to try to find a number in Tokio, but a Japanese driver knows the position and number of almost every one of the houses in Tokio. He is able to do this by his business and his sense of direction.

A FEW REMARKS.

Now let's add "Anthracite Day" to the list of holidays.

The millionaire who is to become a chorus man is the first of his kind to make the chorus an asset instead of an expense.

"Our new cook left yesterday." "Why, I thought she'd promised to stay all winter?" "She did; but the kerosene she poured on the fire suddenly broke her contract."

Now they want to use the old Hall of Records for museum purposes. But if the recent researches are right, it can't even be called a historical museum.

Miss Pansie—No. There's no man living that I'll marry.
Miss Cautique—Never mind, you poor dear! No one will think of blaming you.

"Some folks," said Uncle Eben, "keeps talking 'bout their troubles like dey thought you wanted to hear 'em an' den gits mad if you 'pears to be enjoyin' de story."—Washington Star.

They say the longest days in all the year come in the month of two that follow May-day. But, oh, the longest days that workers fear, are the long, hungry ones, before each pay-day.

The oft-deferred Young hearing is piling up an assortment of delays worthy of the Molliex case.

A Brooklyn man declares his wife put needles in his soup. (Presumably to lift his life out of the family group.) The fact he lived to be a man. Proves, past all fear of fakes. Her soup was not built on the plan That "mother used to make."

"Hope deferred maketh the heart sick. The same applies to coal."

May—Oh, I hate these magazine serials!
Edith—Why?
May—You can never tell how a story ends until it is finished.—Town and Country.

First Chauffeur—Why didn't you pay the fine instead of being run in?
Second Chauffeur—My money had run out.

"What's an elegant synonym for 'Adgety'?"
"Strenuous."

"Bulwer said 'There's no such word as fail'."
"But you must remember they didn't have our clinch bankruptcy laws in his day."

The new Meat Trust gamblers are playing for high stakes.

Henrik Hudson had just called up the river when the Indians took counsel. "No," exclaimed an old brave, "the boat's not from Waukegan. Don't you see it's only the 'Half Moon'? Dick would have taken the whole one." Their apprehensions calmed, the simple children of nature trekked away for their scalping knives.

"You bear it like a little man," said the dentist, after he had pulled the tooth.
"No," exclaimed Tommy, "I'm a heap grittier than that. I bear it like a little woman."
Tommy was an observant boy.—Chicago Tribune.

Prof. Lorenz, the famous Viennese surgeon, finds it easy to pull American jags.

"Each war there is," began the Joke-smith merrily.
"Don't do a thing to our vocabulary: For instance, ere the Boer campaign Began, we'd never sprained the brain. With words like 'outspar,' 'kop' and 'trek,'
"Kraal," 'Madderspruit' and 'rooiniek.' Likewise before we found the means To 'civilize' the Philippines. Our tongues were guiltless of the sorrow Of saying 'holoman' and 'Moro,' Or 'Macabeebe,' or those odd Old map-spots 'Guam' and 'Bacedod.' And now 'Caracas,' 'Haytien' And 'Castro' jar the helpless pen. If people thus annex more talk 'Twill form a new speech, known as 'war-talk.'"

"I was awfully scared by the thunder-storm."
"It was a rain of terror, eh?"

"I see they are trying to fish a lot of coal out of the Merrimac River where a coal barge was sunk ten years ago."
"By gum! that's the kind of 'placit' mining that pays nowadays."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Mrs. A. M. Palmer has quit the Professional Woman's League for a womanly squabble about the Woman's Exhibition. "Oh, woman, woman!"

Arctic explorers nowadays are as hard to manage as a prima donna. Baldwin is the latest Pole-chaser to spat with his impresario.

Coal at \$7 a ton! Why, that's a ton of money to some people!

"Was it a touching story?"
"He tried to make it so, but I was broke."

Wigg—If I had my way I should exterminate all the Pullman car porters.
Wagg—You'd show them no quarter, eh?—Philadelphia Record.

SOMEBODIES.

BHARATI, PREMANDANT—has come to New York to spread a knowledge of the Valsheva religion. If this cult is as simple as its title and as the name of its missionary he should indeed have an easy task.

GLAISHER, JAMES—the famous meteorologist who, nearly half a century ago made one of the most remarkable balloon ascensions on record, is now ninety-three.

LORENZ, PROF. ADOLF—the specialist who has just operated on Armistead's daughter, says he has found more hip disease in Chicago than in any other city.

STAGG, MISS AIMEE—of Paterson, N. J., were at her wedding last week an antique brooch which seventeen brides of the family had worn.

WOOD, PROF.—of the Department of Agriculture, has been spending some months in Western States studying the dietary conditions of some in lunatic asylums.